

an ordinary boat across. If across and they should fail to take the city, or if possibly defeated in battle, with such a river behind them, escape would be impossible. They would be annihilated. And consider the exposure of the families left on the east side of Jordan when their defenders were separated from them by such a torrent. Why not wait till summer, when the river is fordable, when the crossing would be easy, retreat practicable, and succor to the families left behind would be possible? If the passover must be kept, why not keep it on the east side, rather than within two or three miles of Jericho? Are not such the plain obvious deductions of human reason, that it were better to have made some other plan than this? But gladly do we read in the record that the Israelites submitted themselves to divine guidance and did, not what seemed best to them, but what God directed.

Or once across the river, we can see how the divine directions opposed all human reason. Human reason would say. Now, strike at once while the terror of this miraculous crossing has unnerved the men of Jericho; do it at once before succor can come from the hill country. If we delay at all, let us put every moment to use in arranging the weapons of attack. But no! God says, Pause and worship. They crossed the Jordan on the tenth day of the first month. They consumed four days in the services attendant on one sacramental occasion—circumcision; then they spent eight days more in the other sacrament—the passover; then seven days more in marching around the city without drawing a sword or preparing any means of attack.

Doubtless the men of Jericho mocked at their foolishness. But the foolishness of God is wiser than men—and joy be in our hearts that Israel bowed submissively to God's directions.

3. They trusted God's power. Witness their reliance on divine strength for the victory. When the time for action came, God bade them use weapons which did not contain any inherent efficacy or power, and which did not possess any special adaptation to the end to be gained. Walking around a wall does not undermine its bastions nor burst open its gates. Blowing of trumpets or shouting with a great shout will not shake the solid ramparts of Jericho. True, most true. But the power of God can make those walls to totter and make the whole circumference of the city one open avenue for the victorious army of Israel to enter. Yet though they knew not how the Lord would accomplish it, they faithfully did what he bade them and trusted God to bring about the victory by his almighty power.

4. They used the means. Their reliance on God to conquer Jericho was not idleness. Far from it. God bade them worship and march. With whole-hearted zeal they worshipped, with earnest activity they marched, with open mouth they shouted, with drawn sword they rushed over the debris of the wall to complete the conquest; with scrupulous care they brought to the tabernacle the metals found in the city and committed the rest to the flames.

Their reliance was not self-indulgence. Poor—after forty years of wandering—they denied themselves the wealth of Jericho, because it was the first fruits, holy to God; probably defectively armed, they appropriated

none of the armor; without new clothing, they committed the splendid robes of Jericho to the flames; in need of shelter better than their tents, they burned its houses; with the cessation of the manna they applied the torch to the stores of corn within the city walls and trusted God to provide for them in his own good way and time.

And this is what God describes as faith when he says: "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down." Today we have a foe to conquer, not Amorites behind a wall of bricks, but the world, the flesh and the devil, entrenched in the human heart. Our only weapon with which to conquer is faith. Let us be sure that we obtain this faith, (1) that we cherish a strong desire for victory over sin; (2) that we trust God's plan for the victory; (3) that we trust God's power to win the victory; and (4) that we use the means which God appoints.

TALAMAS.

God's Grace In An Indian Heart.

By Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.

The main material for this story of an Indian lad was furnished me by the late Dr. S. J. Humphrey, for years connected with the American Board, as one of its most efficient district secretaries.

The Indian lad must have been born somewhere in the first twenty years of the last century, for he was one of those who took part in torturing and scalping the wounded whites who fell in the famous Seminole war; and was himself a nephew of the celebrated chief, Osceola. His full name was Talamas-Mic-O, which means "Forest King." The Indians were capable of great atrocities, and in part the boasted bravery of their young men consisted in the extreme hardihood with which they committed crimes of violence, to which they were largely provoked, however, by the greed, treachery and cruelty of the white man. For instance, the wife of Osceola was the daughter of a fugitive slave woman, and was, under the fugitive slave law, claimed by the owner of her mother, as a slave, and was actually carried off under this pretext; and, when the noble chief, in righteous indignation, uttered hot words of threatening, he was seized by the United States agent, General Thompson, and put in irons for six days. Such outrage, aggravated by insult and indignity, goaded him to the point of madness; and, after weeks and months, he succeeded in killing General Thompson and four others with him. This was the real beginning of the terrible war in which 7,000 Seminoles, scattered through Florida, were engaged on the one side, against the whole force of the United States government on the other—a war which lasted seven years, and cost 1,500 lives, and very nearly \$15,000,000. Finally, to the shame of the government be it recorded, five hundred bloodhounds were called to the aid of the government, and, to crown the infamy, under a flag of truce, Osceola was himself captured, and died after six years imprisonment in Fort Moultrie. So much for the history that throws light upon the career of this Indian lad.

In the fifth year of the war Osceola sent away all who